

Aces, cherries spin in his eyes.
Half-nude girls bring him free booze.
3 7's PAYS SUPER JACKPOT!
BREAK THE BANK! JACKPOT EXPRESS!
25,000 DOLLAR KENO!
A DIME MAY WIN THIS CAR!
Poor men have walked out millionaires!

He throws off caution like a suit
he never liked, but was too cheap to ditch
before.

LONG DISTANCE, 8 A.M.

She's home, she misses me! My fears
shatter like gargoyle piñatas.
I dance away to the cheated
pay-phone's frantic jangle,
nearly smash into a squat,
broad-faced hippy girl.

A baby peeks from her back-pack,
its face purple as a bruise.
"What a fine child. What's its name?"
I beam. "Placenta," she beams back.
"How pretty. Did you think of it?"
"No, the doctor did."

"Well, it does him credit.
Does you credit. Her credit.
The planet credit!"
And I stride away delighted,
smug as Superman finally
getting blown by Lois Lane.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

A gob of Wheaties drops off my spoon
and splats on the kitchen floor.
I scoop it up and, without thinking,
toss it over my shoulder
toward the garbage sack.

Smack, carom, bang --
off the wall and into last night's
potatoes and broccoli.

A perfect bank shot!
Eyes, brain, and body working
as one well-oiled, beautiful machine.

Mother of Ovaltine! What I'd have given
to make shots like that in highschool.
Weave, fake, leap, hook, two points --
like Denver Booth and Tommy Tucker did
in between banging cheerleaders
and polishing their trophies.

Well, better late than never.
On the Richter Scale of Success
my small coup fails to register;
but at this late date
I take what I can get.

-- Charles Webb

Seattle, WA

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY F

A man who couldn't say F was sitting in a bar one night when he was approached by a stunning hooker dressed as a harem girl (but with no other Arabian characteristics to speak of). Anyway, she said, -- Buy me a drink, big boy? To which our man replied --Hi, my name's Vred, what's yours? He deftly lifted the hem of her gauze costume, playfully pushing his thumb up the space between her thighs (this hooker was severely bow-thighed). --Well, hi Vred, said our harem girl, --My name's Vlorence. --Vred said, You're mocking me, Vlorence, and I don't like being mocked. Vlorence, not to be out-retorted, retorted, --I don't like being vingered, either (although technically, of course, she had been thumbed, not vingered). Then Vred said, Vlorence, I'm a man of few words. Let's go out in the car and vuck. Just then a man to Vred's left clubbed Vred off the barstool with a giant-sized roll of Aluminum Voil which he'd picked up at an Aluminum Voil Convention in Sioux Valls, saying, --Vellow, you shouldn't have said that. You must be looking vor a vight. Vlorence screamed as Vred vell down with a splat, wrenching fiolently, all the vight gone out of him. The man stood over Vred, pum-meling him ficiously with his veet until the bouncer broke it up. Then Vred vollowed Vlorence to her apartment, where they spent the night vucking, and vighting over whose was the worst vphysical devect: Vred's speech impediment or Vlo's bow thighs.